

When Our Boys Left For the War.

Graphic Story of The Sailing of The Canadian Contingent—Troopships and Cruisers Met at a Secret Rendezvous on the Gaspé Coast—A Thrilling and Inspiring Naval Review.

This story of the departure of the Canadian contingent, and the accompanying photographs have been in the possession of the Family Herald and Weekly Star since October 8th, but have been withheld from publication at the request of the military authorities until after the safe arrival of the troops in England. For obvious reasons both the place of rendezvous and the date of sailing were known only to a very few, and these kept the confidence inviolate.

It was generally supposed that the troops sailed September 23, and it was reported that they arrived in England the week ending October 10th. As a matter of fact, they arrived only on October 15th, and sailed, as the report shows, ten days later than reported. And to this privacy is possibly due the safety of their journey.

The illustrations on this page are from photographs taken by the Family Herald and Weekly Star staff photographer.

Day after day the slate grey transport ships had slid quietly one by one from their berths at Quebec and sailed down the river around the shoulder of the Island of Orleans. Somewhere downstream, in the hundreds of miles that separated the Les Isles from the Atlantic, they were to meet, and under the guns of cruisers lying hidden in the haze of the Gulf, to cross the ocean and land their crowded freight of khaki-clad fighting men on the shores of Britain.

Where were they to meet? Perhaps a half dozen men in all the thousands at Quebec knew the answer to the question on everybody's lips. Out somewhere in the Gulf, where the British cruisers rolled shorewards, half a dozen more men may have known. But the lips of this handful of men were sealed by the highest of all obligations—the keeping of a military secret of the first magnitude.

And so it was that as the transports slid down stream and the cruisers came to meet them, the place of rendezvous was known to scarcely a man among all the thousands. They were to meet "somewhere"—that was the only thing known.

Already Historic Incident.

Now that gathering and that departure of the Canadian Armada

camped where they were, and again waited for something to turn up.

The Jumping Off Place.
The morning of Thursday, October 1, found the car, deserted by the intercolonial train, lying at New Carlisle. New Carlisle is a divisional point on a little railway which branches off from the intercolonial at Matapédia and heads northeast along the coast line of the lovely, but little known, Bay de Chaleur, winding up at Gaspé. Evidently, then, the troops and their guardian cruisers must be gathering in one of the innumerable harbors which line the rugged coast of the great Gaspé peninsula.

Any and all of these harbors are

ing. Col. Hughes was among the boys and the boys were glad to see him. His own boy, Garnet Hughes, was on one transport. Next day father and son said good-bye with a quick hand-clasp and few words but full hearts.

Friday, October 2, dawned clear and windy. Sometime during the night more transports had slipped into the harbor, and by daylight broke there were twenty-five or thereabouts. More came during the day and the number was current that somewhere in the haze off the coast others maintained a ceaseless patrol.

The day passed in a series of visits to the transports, seeing that all was ship-shape and that everything which could be done had been done to make the boys as comfortable as might be. They on their part, were satisfied. They had everything that could be furnished them, even down to a packet of stuff warranted to prevent something much more dreadful than German bullets—sea-sickness. They were also furnished with a digest of each day's news by wire from Quebec, all the cables that would allow the cables to carry. Their one fear seemed to be that

Tales of the War Told By Onlookers.

Almost incredible examples of savagery are cited in a letter received by a Birmingham merchant from one of his Belgian customers.

The writer states:—"The Germans were trying to blow up the railway bridges between Malines and Brussels, so we had to guard these railways day and night. A few days later these barbarians passed Sempt (about four miles south of Malines) and fired my workshops and warehouses."

"Not satisfied with this, they caught my nephew and one of my servants who were trying to extinguish the flames, cut off their hands and feet, and then flung the two men into the flames. I, with the other members of my family, succeeded in escaping to Ostend, where I am safe and at the time being, but you will easily understand in what state of mind I am. The horrors of these Ger-

was rendered unconscious by a huge beam falling upon him and pinning him to the ground, and when he regained consciousness he asked a German officer who was standing near by to have it removed.

Although the officer was suffering from the German's blows, he nevertheless removed the beam, and placed a soldier as sentry over him. In this position he remained for three days without food or drink, and at the end of that time the Germans having left, was found by our own men, who left him once removed him to hospital.

An eminent French engineer, writing from France to an English friend, describes the scientific methods employed by the Germans in the destruction of Ostend, a small town of 4,000 to 5,000 inhabitants, a few miles from Lille.

"A first batch arrived and smashed all the windows on the ground floor of the houses with the butt of their guns; a second batch followed and poured petroleum through the broken windows by means of compressed air apparatus; then a third batch came and threw into the houses incendiary bombs of the size of ordinary plates, which, being lighted, revolved on themselves, moving about rapidly in the same way as certain fireworks used by children, and called 'serpents'."

"It is a savage crime, premeditated and prepared with all the resources of science and human ingenuity. And why was this done? Because a German officer, bearing the Red Cross badge, whom a French sentry had allowed to pass owing to this badge, killed that sentry, and the French soldiers on guard then killed the German officer and the three men who accompanied him in the car."

A corporal of the 1st Gloucester Regiment, relates a terrible story of the diabolical actions of the Germans after the capture of a number of French Belgian, and British wounded soldiers in ambulance wagons.

The Germans conveyed them to a large building, affording them little surgical or medical treatment. The food they gave them consisted chiefly of turnips and peas. After the eleventh day the Germans offered them their liberty if they would discuss the plans of the Allied armies. Refusal meant death, and they were given four hours to consider their position. Long before the expiration of the time the Germans had cut off the heads of the British and French soldiers, and had reduced the prisoners to a state of starvation.

The lad Gustave Chatain, who went through the ordeal of the war, writes from the hospital at Chatain, where he is recovering from his wounds. He says: "I was taken to the hospital at Chatain, where I am recovering from my wounds. He said he had done. His officers praised him, and one general invited him to his table."

(Letter dated September 19, from Private W. Maxman, R.A.M.C., of his uncle in South London.)

We worked well in the church for three days and two nights without rest, and now they have given us twenty-four hours' rest.

"For food we are doing all at badly. We have bully beef in tin, cheese, jam and bread, and two minus milk, and coffee duff.

My hotel at present is a barn, with straw for my bed, and one blanket. We keep ourselves warm by sticking very close.

By the way, I must tell you that I went to a village by motor with an officer to dress some German wounded about forty all told. I was doing two German brothers,

private of the 2nd Battalion Royal Scots, who was twice wounded, relates a thrilling story of the bravery of the Middlesex Regiment and the Connaught Rangers.

He said: "For real British pluck he had never seen anything equal to that of the Middlesex. They were digging trenches near Mons when a mine was exploded, and the Germans, who seemed to come from nowhere, were down upon them. The enemy had undoubtedly been notified of the position of the Middlesex by the position of the Connaught Rangers. Bayonets in hand the Germans rushed upon our men, who were unprepared in the matter of equipment, but the sergeant of the company set the lead by the use of his fists and he (Court) saw him 'down' two Germans with two rifles as he lay down."

When the whole company followed their sergeant's lead, but they were moved down like grass. The valiant sergeant was bayoneted, and died a hero. As for the Connaughts, when the Rangers bore down upon the Germans with wonderful heroism and scattered them far and wide, killing numbers. The enemy was chased by the Rangers, and it was a period that the artillery stole in with a heavy fire and the guns.

German Spy Nearly Fooled Parisians.

A thrilling spy story has just come to light in Paris with the capture and execution of a German, who represented himself as the French aviator Gilbert.

The spy, it seems, set out from Antwerp dressed in the regulation aviator's outfit of the French army, and with all of the necessary papers to prove his identity. As a result, the Belgians, who were unfamiliar with the French pilot, treated him with all consideration, giving him an official automobile and a military escort for his journey to Paris.

With his aviation costume, and his absolutely correct documents, the gates of Paris opened before the spy without the slightest difficulty, and he was enabled to collect a great many valuable facts for his Government. It was only by chance that he was trapped. Having disposed of his escort, the spy happened to be passing by Fort Saint-Martin, when his automobile broke down.

Dropping into a nearby restaurant, he mentioned the fact that he was the French aviator Gilbert. The proprietor, much interested, telephoned at once to the manager of the Rhone Motor Company, for whom Gilbert had been working before the outbreak of the war. With the approval of the manager, of course, the spy was discovered, but the spy made his escape, and was not taken by the authorities for some hours.

He was at once taken to the Ministry of War, where he gave his name as Perroux, and declared that the Germans were very bitter against the Kaiser for bringing about this war, and that it is all against their grain to fight the English. The prisoners seem to be genuinely glad they have been captured, as they were starving.



THE GIRLS THEY LEFT BEHIND THEM.

reached by the little railways, the Quebec Oriental and the Atlantic, Quebec and Western, which have their divisional point at New Carlisle. It is not far from New Carlisle to the end of the line, but it is a memorable trip. The way lies almost at the water's edge, curving and winding along the sea, crossing some of the most famous salmon rivers of the world, skirting dense forests where deer, moose and bear roam almost undisturbed. Little villages, set in the middle of acres of rolling farming country, are the journey.

The Secret Out.
Barcelonnette, fifteen miles from the end of the line, and the secret was out. Barcelonnette lies high with a great panorama of cliff and sea below. Just beyond lies Gaspé and in Gaspé bay the troopships lay. It was a curious, almost appropriate thing, that almost on the spot where English and French fought their last naval battle for the control of Canada, a Canadian fleet should be gathered for the relief of England and France, moving fighting shoulder to shoulder in the world's greatest war.

Eleven troop ships lay in parallel lines, four by four. Beyond them, toward the sea, four cruisers, grey like the sea, trim and low and quiet, hung guarding the entrance.

Gaspé bay is perhaps not well known as one of Canada's finest natural harbors. But it is quite that. Almost completely landlocked, the waters lie like a millpond. Two hundred and fifty feet deep where the fleet was anchored broad and wide and deep enough to shelter any armada that man has built. The troops and their convoys could have moved eight miles farther toward the head of the bay and still have found ample water and perfect shelter.

From the mast of the Charybdis the flag of Admiral Wemyss. A run by waiting for the Minister and in five minutes he was flying across the harbor toward the warship's side. What psychic wave that was told the troopships Colonel Hughes was on the tug. It is impossible to say. Suffice it that they knew and they gave the Colonel the reception of his life. As the tug passed the transports on its way to the battlement they broke into roars of cheers, which rang back from the cliffs and set the other troops to cheering.

Then they broke into song—the kind that expresses almost any Anglo-Saxon emotion. "For I'm a Jolly Good Fellow."

They were belted invitations to the Colonel to "Come along with us," insistent demands that he go to the front and "see the fun." And it did not take much imagination to see where the Colonel's heart was, either.

Cheering Everywhere.
Following the visit to the Admiral, came visits to the troopships and the plying on them of the accumulation of mail matter, which had come down in the Minister's car. Everywhere the sound of cheering and singing.

PATTI IN THE WAR.
Baroness Cederström, who in public life is Madame Adeline Patti is much put out by reports sent out of Austria about alleged attacks upon herself and her husband there.

The reports were greatly exaggerated, said the singer, who recently arrived here from Paris. "Some letters were thrown at me, but at which we were staying and where a hostile feeling was shown against some foreigners but it was not directed at myself."

man brutes have no limit. Let us hope they will soon be smashed."

A lady from Charleroi who has managed to make her way to Geneva with her three children tells how she saved them.

"Oh, I thank you," she said. "There was a bottle near with some wine, and she gave it to him. He put the bottle to his lips and drank, then looking at her sadly he said: 'Madame, you are kind. I'm so sorry. I must set fire to your house. (He had all the materials ready to do so.) An officer comes after us with a loaded pistol, and I'll be shot if I don't. She took time to run to her room for a purse containing only a few francs and fled with her children, the soldier expressing his regret all the time. She says

It was very quiet in the harbor, the moving signals on the cruisers, the fumes, busy tender and the rolling smoke, the only thing that moved. No one could see the ships, but at 11 o'clock and then, out near the entrance of the bay began the clank of cable, chain hammers grinding through hawse holes.

The Armada Sails.
A cruiser moved, then forward. The transport crept forward, straightened out in line and headed for the open sea, slowly at first.

The Germans fired upon them, but the line of the Atlantic swell. One by one the transports moved forward, they passed the harbor mouth, Megantic, Avernus, Montezuma, Sicilian, Tyrolean, Laikander, Royal Edward, Francoeur, Saxonia, Andania—all the old friends of the St. Lawrence in their new war paint and on a new duty. Beside the line of troopships swept the line of watchdogs, the grey-green cruisers, sharp of bow and sloping of stern, one cruiser to port or starboard of the line, seven or eight troopships to the cruiser.

It was 2:45 when the first cruiser headed toward the harbor mouth to the open sea. At 4:35 the last of them was leaving the harbor. Twenty minutes later there was nothing in Gaspé Bay but the fishing boats and sea fowl.

It was a naval review seen only by the villagers and the gulls. The cliffs seemed still to echo the roar of cheers with which the boys had greeted the raising of the first anchor and the skirl and scream of the Highland pipes.

Drawn straight as an arrow across the Gulf there ran a line of smoke, hovering over dozens of tiny troopships, diminished to the size of toys. On either side another line showed where the cruisers shouldered the waves aside and watched. The boys had left Canada.

she has seen such horrors as she cannot speak about.

A story illustrating British bravery on the other, is told by an officer of the Lancashire Regiment, now in London Hospital.

During the fighting of a fortnight or more, the soldier expressed his admiration for the British, and when he recovered he found that in the same building were four men of the regiment. Together they determined to regain their comrades, who had moved away with the rest of the army. On the way they met a party of Germans, whom they hoped to capture, but they were hopelessly outnumbered.

The Germans fired upon them, but failed to register a hit, and the gallant five sought refuge in a farmhouse. Here they were discovered by the enemy, who blew up the building and killed the four men. The officer

covered German soldiers' kit and rifles.

"I had to get out, but was unable to reopen the door. I therefore broke the windows and came out. Then I loaded my rifle and fixed my bayonet and got in again. Nobody downstairs. I went upstairs and discovered—guess what? Seven Boches, sound asleep. I went in, lit a cigarette, the soldiers woke up and looked at each other, wondering what had happened. Behind them some straw, I observed them."

"I rushed at them. They did not attempt to resist, but threw up their hands. 'Get down!' said to them, and they went downstairs quite happily to surrender. I handed them over to my comrades."

On another occasion the boy soldier, although wounded by a bullet in his shoulder, hoisted a wounded sergeant on his back and carried him off. A soldier who is being nursed in the

They spoke very good English. (Use said.)

"Where are your good people going to send us?"

"I replied that I thought they would be sent to England, and he said: 'This is good. I hope it will be somewhere near Lambeth-ward, for I have a barber's shop there, and when my wife can come and see me.'"

(Letter from a member of the Army Service Corps with the Expeditionary Force, to his wife at Wanda, worth.)

I was speaking to a German prisoner the other day, and he told me that the Germans were very bitter against the Kaiser for bringing about this war, and that it is all against their grain to fight the English. The prisoners seem to be genuinely glad they have been captured, as they were starving.

Arrested and Shot.
A French aviator, Gilbert, who was arrested at once to the manager of the Rhone Motor Company, for whom Gilbert had been working before the outbreak of the war. With the approval of the manager, of course, the spy was discovered, but the spy made his escape, and was not taken by the authorities for some hours.

He was at once taken to the Ministry of War, where he gave his name as Perroux, and declared that the Germans were very bitter against the Kaiser for bringing about this war, and that it is all against their grain to fight the English. The prisoners seem to be genuinely glad they have been captured, as they were starving.



JORDON FERRIS, OF WINNIPEG, AND THE WESTERNERS' MASCOT.

new things of the past, historic incidents in the tale of Canada's rise to nationhood. The fleet has fulfilled its object and passed, to be assembled again perhaps at the Empire's call in other waters. Only a bare handful of those who were not in person, answering the call of the motherland in arms saw the fleet assemble and saw it depart. Those who did see it saw something they will never forget.



